

California High School Exit Examination

English-Language Arts Released Test Questions



California Department of Education
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A Day Away (Random House)

Dances With Dolphins (National Geographic Society)

White Fang (Troll Communications)

Acting Up [The ALAN Review 24(3): 42-46]

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Introduction

Beginning with the 2005-06 school year, every student must pass the California High School Exit Examination (CAHSEE) to receive a high school diploma from a California public school. Students in the Class of 2006 had their first opportunity to take the CAHSEE in February and March 2004.

All questions on the CAHSEE are evaluated by committees of content experts, including California educators, teachers, and administrators, to ensure the questions' appropriateness for measuring the designated California academic content standards in English-language arts and mathematics. In addition to content, all items are reviewed and approved to ensure their adherence to the principles of fairness and to ensure no bias exists with respect to characteristics such as gender, ethnicity, and language.

This document combines released test questions that have appeared on CAHSEE test forms since the 2000-2001 school year and contains new test questions from the 2004-2005 school year. The questions are grouped by strand (e.g., Word Analysis). At the beginning of each strand section is a list of the specific standards assessed on the CAHSEE. Following a group of questions is a table that gives the correct answer for each question, the content standard each question is measuring, and the year each question originally appeared on the CAHSEE.

The following table lists each strand, the number of items that appear on the exam, and the number of released test questions that appear in this document.

STRAND	NUMBER OF QUESTIONS ON EXAM	NUMBER OF RELEASED TEST QUESTIONS
• Word Analysis (RW)	7	16
• Reading Comprehension (RC)	18	46
• Literary Response (RL)	20	49
• Writing Strategies (WS)	12	22
• Writing Conventions (WC)	15	33
• Writing Applications (WA)	1	7
TOTAL	73	173

In selecting test questions for release, three criteria are used: (1) the questions adequately cover the content standards assessed on the CAHSEE; (2) the questions demonstrate a range of difficulty; and (3) the questions present a variety of ways each standard can be assessed. These released test questions do not reflect all of the ways the standards may be assessed. Released test questions will not appear on future tests.

For more information about the CAHSEE, visit the CDE's Web site at <http://www.cde.ca.gov/ta/tg/hs>.

READING

The Reading portion of the CAHSEE has three strands: Word Analysis, Reading Comprehension, and Literary Response and Analysis. A description of each strand follows. The released passages and test questions for the Reading portion of the CAHSEE follow the strand descriptions.

The Word Analysis Strand

The following two California English-language arts academic content standards from the Word Analysis strand are assessed on the CAHSEE by 7 test questions and are represented in this booklet by 16 released test questions. These questions represent only a few of the ways in which these standards may be assessed on the CAHSEE.

READING (GRADES NINE AND TEN)	
Standard Set 1.0	Word Analysis, Fluency, and Systematic Vocabulary Development:
10RW1.1	Identify and use the literal and figurative meanings of words and understand word derivations.
10RW1.2	Distinguish between the denotative and connotative meanings of words and interpret the connotative power of words.

The Reading Comprehension Strand

The following six California English-language arts academic content standards from the Reading Comprehension strand are assessed on the CAHSEE by 18 test questions and are represented in this booklet by 46 released test questions. These questions represent only a few of the ways in which these standards may be assessed on the CAHSEE.

READING (GRADES NINE AND TEN WITH ONE STANDARD FROM GRADE EIGHT AS NOTED†)	
Standard Set 2.0	Reading Comprehension (Focus on Informational Materials):
†8RC2.1	Compare and contrast the features and elements of consumer materials to gain meaning from documents (e.g., warranties, contracts, product information, instruction manuals).
10RC2.1	Analyze the structure and format of functional workplace documents, including the graphics and headers, and explain how authors use the features to achieve their purposes.
10RC2.4	Synthesize the content from several sources or works by a single author dealing with a single issue; paraphrase the ideas and connect them to other sources and related topics to demonstrate comprehension.
10RC2.5	Extend ideas presented in primary or secondary sources through original analysis, evaluation, and elaboration.
10RC2.7	Critique the logic of functional documents by examining the sequence of information and procedures in anticipation of possible reader misunderstandings.
10RC2.8	Evaluate the credibility of an author's argument or defense of a claim by critiquing the relationships between generalizations and evidence, the comprehensiveness of evidence, and the way in which the author's intent affects the structure and tone of the text (e.g., in professional journals, editorials, political speeches, primary source material).

† *Eighth-grade content standard*

The Literary Response and Analysis Strand

The following twelve California English-language arts academic content standards from the Literary Response and Analysis strand are assessed on the CAHSEE by 20 test questions and are represented in this booklet by 49 released test questions. These questions represent only a few of the ways in which these standards may be assessed on the CAHSEE.

READING (GRADES NINE AND TEN WITH ONE STANDARD FROM GRADE EIGHT AS NOTED†)	
Standard Set 3.0	Literary Response and Analysis:
10RL3.1	Articulate the relationship between the expressed purposes and the characteristics of different forms of dramatic literature (e.g., comedy, tragedy, drama, dramatic monologue).
10RL3.3	Analyze interactions between main and subordinate characters in a literary text (e.g., internal and external conflicts, motivations, relationships, influences) and explain the way those interactions affect the plot.
10RL3.4	Determine characters' traits by what the characters say about themselves in narration, dialogue, dramatic monologue, and soliloquy.
10RL3.5	Compare works that express a universal theme and provide evidence to support the ideas expressed in each work.
10RL3.6	Analyze and trace an author's development of time and sequence, including the use of complex literary devices (e.g., foreshadowing, flashbacks).
10RL3.7	Recognize and understand the significance of various literary devices, including figurative language, imagery, allegory, and symbolism, and explain their appeal.
10RL3.8	Interpret and evaluate the impact of ambiguities, subtleties, contradictions, ironies, and incongruities in a text.
10RL3.9	Explain how voice, persona, and the choice of a narrator affect characterization and the tone, plot, and credibility of a text.
10RL3.10	Identify and describe the function of dialogue, scene designs, soliloquies, asides, and character foils in dramatic literature.
†8RL3.7	Analyze a work of literature, showing how it reflects the heritage, traditions, attitudes, and beliefs of its author. (Biographical approach)
10RL3.11	Evaluate the aesthetic qualities of style, including the impact of diction and figurative language, on tone, mood, and theme, using the terminology of literary criticism. (Aesthetic approach)
10RL3.12	Analyze the way in which a work of literature is related to the themes and issues of its historical period. (Historical approach)

† Eighth-grade content standard

Read the following passage and answer questions 1 through 9.

A Day Away

by Maya Angelou

Most people today know Maya Angelou as one of America's most important poets. One of her stories, "Georgia, Georgia," was the first story by an African-American woman to be made into a television movie. Angelou also wrote the screenplay for the movie *All Day Long* and even directed it. The variety, quality, and passion of her work continue to inspire people today.



We often think that our affairs, great or small, must be tended continuously and in detail, or our world will disintegrate, and we will lose our places in the universe. That is not true, or if it is true, then our situations were so temporary that they would have collapsed anyway.

Once a year or so I give myself a day away. On the eve of my day of absence, I begin to unwrap the bonds which hold me in harness. I inform housemates, my family and close friends that I will not be reachable for twenty-four hours; then I disengage the telephone. I turn the radio dial to an all-music station, preferably one which plays the soothing golden oldies. I sit for at least an hour in a very hot tub; then I lay out my clothes in preparation for my

morning escape, and knowing that nothing will disturb me, I sleep the sleep of the just.

On the morning I wake naturally, for I will have set no clock, nor informed my body timepiece when it should alarm. I dress in comfortable shoes and casual clothes and leave my house going no place. If I am living in a city, I wander streets, window-shop, or gaze at buildings. I enter and leave public parks, libraries, the lobbies of skyscrapers, and movie houses. I stay in no place for very long.

On the getaway day I try for amnesia. I do not want to know my name, where I live, or how many dire responsibilities rest on my shoulders. I detest encountering even the closest friend, for then I am reminded of who I am, and the circumstances of my life, which I want to forget for a while.

Every person needs to take one day away. A day in which one consciously separates the past from the future. Jobs, family, employers, and friends can exist one day without

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any one of us, and if our egos permit us to confess, they could exist eternally in our absence.

Each person deserves a day away in which no problems are confronted, no solutions searched for. Each of us needs to withdraw from the cares which will not withdraw from us. We need hours of aimless wandering or spaces of time sitting on park benches, observing the mysterious world of ants and the canopy of treetops.

If we step away for a time, we are not, as many may think and some will accuse, being irresponsible, but rather we are preparing ourselves to more ably perform our duties and discharge our obligations.

When I return home, I am always surprised to find some questions I sought to evade had been answered and some entanglements I had hoped to flee had become unraveled in my absence.

A day away acts as a spring tonic. It can dispel rancor, transform indecision, and renew the spirit.

From *WOULDN'T TAKE NOTHING FOR MY JOURNEY NOW* by Maya Angelou, copyright © 1993 by Maya Angelou. Used by permission of Random House, Inc.

64B

1. What is the narrator's main purpose in this passage?

- A to entertain readers with a story of an unusual day
- B to inform readers how to organize a day away from home
- C to persuade readers to take some time for themselves
- D to describe to readers what it is like to rediscover a city

L164B007

2. Which sentence below is an example of a simile?

- A I will have set no clock . . .
- B I do not want to know my name . . .
- C We need hours of aimless wandering . . .
- D A day away acts as a spring tonic.

L164B013

3. The words *casual*, *wander*, and *gaze* in paragraph 3 suggest a feeling of—

- A determination.
- B solitude.
- C bewilderment.
- D relaxation.

L164B006

4. The narrator MOST likely laid out her clothes the night before her day away so that she—

- A wouldn't forget what she wanted to wear.
- B wouldn't have to make a decision in the morning.
- C would be able to sleep late in the morning.
- D would be as stylishly dressed as possible.

L164B010

Reading

5. Which BEST describes the narrator's tone in the second half of the passage?

- A persuasive
- B humorous
- C sarcastic
- D frustrated

L164B016

6. Which sentence from the passage is an example of figurative language?

- A Once a year or so I give myself a day away.
- B On the eve of my day of absence, I begin to unwrap the bonds which hold me in harness.
- C I enter and leave public parks, libraries, the lobbies of skyscrapers, and movie houses.
- D It can dispel rancor, transform indecision, and renew the spirit.

L164B014

7. In which sentence from the passage does the narrator acknowledge those who disagree with her main argument?

- A I inform housemates, my family and close friends that I will not be reachable for twenty-four hours; then I disengage the telephone.
- B I detest encountering even the closest friend, for then I am reminded of who I am, and the circumstances of my life, which I want to forget for a while.
- C If we step away for a time, we are not, as many may think and some will accuse, being irresponsible, but rather we are preparing ourselves to more ably perform our duties and discharge our obligations.
- D When I return home, I am always surprised to find some questions I sought to evade had been answered and some entanglements I had hoped to flee had become unraveled in my absence.

L164B015

8. Which statement from the passage BEST describes the narrator's motivation for "a day away"?

- A . . . we will lose our places in the universe.
- B . . . I sleep the sleep of the just.
- C . . . I want to forget for a while.
- D . . . friends can exist one day without any one of us.

L164B009

9. Which of the following is the main theme of the passage?

- A Self-energizing oneself is necessary.
- B Time is of the essence.
- C Problems will solve themselves.
- D A single decision has many consequences.

L164B011

Read the article and answer questions 10 through 13.

DANCES WITH DOLPHINS

By Tim Cahill

Tim Cahill has been writing about nature for more than 25 years. In 1969, Cahill received a master's degree in English and Creative Writing from San Francisco State University. In 1976, he was the founding editor of *Outside Magazine*, which won several national magazine awards. Cahill has worked as an editor for other magazines, including *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone*. He has also published articles in magazines such as *National Geographic*, *The New York Times Book Review*, and *Travel and Leisure*. Additionally, Cahill has published six books. *Dances With Dolphins* was originally written as the screenplay for an IMAX documentary film which, in 2000, was nominated for an Academy Award in the category "Best Documentary Short Subject." Cahill also has written screenplays for the IMAX films *The Living Sea* and *Everest*.

- 1 Before dawn, Kathleen and I boarded a fishing boat at Tsubota Port and headed for the island of Mikura, 45 minutes away. The water temperature was about 60 degrees, the air around 15 degrees cooler. Minor squalls swept across the sea. Hard rain stung our faces.
- 2 The Japanese captain took us within 50 yards of shore. Almost immediately we saw dolphins rolling over the surface as they breathed. The captain turned toward the animals and slowed the engine to idle.
- 3 For a moment I lost the dolphins, couldn't see them at all. Then suddenly they were all around us. In an instant Kathleen and I plunged into the dark, churning sea.
- 4 The poet-scientist Loren Eiseley expressed the wistful thought that someday the dolphin might "talk to us and we to him. It would break, perhaps, the long loneliness that has made man a frequent terror and abomination even to himself."



- 5 I think this is the motive and purpose behind the work of Kathleen Dudzinski. She would never put it that way, though. As a scientist, Kathleen favors precision over poetry, at least in describing her own work. But sometimes she admits that when swimming with dolphins, she feels like a kid living out a dream.
- 6 Kathleen has always loved animals. As a teenager in Connecticut, she worked part-time with a veterinarian. She put together a petting zoo for inner-city kids who'd never seen a cow before—or goats or chickens. Then she took the little traveling

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exhibit to urban parks, showing youngsters something of the natural world.

7 In the summer of 1987, during college, she went off to the Gulf of Maine to do field research on marine mammals. After graduating, she entered the Ph.D. program at Texas A&M University, where she spent five, six-month seasons studying dolphins in the Bahamas. Since then her research has been conducted mostly on free-ranging dolphins.

8 Dressed in her shiny high-tech wet suit, the 31-year-old Dudzinski swam beside me as half a dozen bottlenose dolphins swept by us like torpedoes. The dolphins were much bigger than I had imagined. And faster.

9 My first impression was not that of happy squeakers, or mystical healers on a watery mission to enlighten humanity. I thought, *Whoa, these guys are great, big, powerful predators!*

10 Kathleen was recording the dolphins with an audio-visual device of her own design—a pair of hydrophones (underwater microphones) set apart on a bar, with a video camera between them. Underwater, sound moves faster than in air, which causes it to seem to be coming from everywhere at once.

11 Studying her films and wearing headphones, she has been able for the first time ever to consistently

identify which dolphins are producing which sounds while underwater.

12 Kathleen had told me she does not believe dolphins have a language like ours. They use clicks, chirps, whistles, and squawks to transmit signals to each other, or to echolocate—to identify the position of objects by bouncing sound waves off them—much the way submariners use sonar.

13 This is not to say that they cannot learn the meaning of words and syntax. In a University of Hawaii study, researchers created an artificial visual and acoustic language and were able to teach the animals the difference between sentences like “Take the surfboard to the person” and “Take the person to the surfboard.”

14 When the dolphins approached us again, they swam slowly, moving their heads from side to side. I thought I could hear the sounds they made—the squeaking of a rusty hinge, a whistle, a squawk—and I knew they were scanning me.

15 Kathleen took a deep breath and dived straight down about 20 feet. The dolphins seemed to understand the dive as an invitation to dance. They swarmed about us, swimming in slow sinuous curves, more than a dozen of them now.

16 Kathleen muscled her big video/audio recorder about, following one dolphin—her focal animal—as it

Reading

looped over backward, swimming slowly in a vertical circle that was at least 20 feet in diameter. The two swam together, human and dolphin, belly to belly, only inches apart.

17 Kathleen tried to get some distance on the animal, but it wanted to dance slow and close. They surfaced together, both of them breathing simultaneously—Kathleen through her snorkel, the bottlenose dolphin from its top-mounted blowhole—and my immediate thought was, *Hey, we're all mammals and air breathers here.*

18 Now, as Kathleen surfaced, I dived. I turned with one of the passing animals and tried to swim at its flank. As a collegiate swimmer, I set records in butterfly and freestyle sprints. Even now, years later, I'm very fast—for a human. But the dolphins swept by me like jets past a single-prop biplane. They shot past at speeds in excess of 20 m.p.h., I guessed.

19 One dolphin drifted slowly by me, close enough to touch. It dived, then looked up at me, moving its head from side to side.

20 I needed to breathe and moved slowly toward the surface. As I did, a dolphin below rose with me. A female. We were both upright in the water, belly to belly. I could see its round black eye, and the jaw anatomically designed in a constant grin.

21 Although I knew the smile is no more expressive of the animal's mood than an elephant's trunk, one still feels obliged to smile back. There was something bunching in my throat, like sorrow, but it came out in a brief snort through my snorkel. A laugh.

22 The dolphin moved with me, then sped around my body like a ball on a string as I rose to the surface. There were six- to nine-foot swells. One of them washed over my snorkel, and I gulped down what felt like half a pint of sea water. The dolphin dived and moved off toward more amusing pursuits as I treaded water on the surface, coughing and spitting.

23 Kathleen rose beside me. "They're gone," she said. Her lips were blue, and she was shivering like a child who has played too long in the water.

24 "Was that long enough to be an encounter?" I asked.

25 She laughed. In her studies Kathleen had defined a dolphin encounter as three minutes long or more. "Nearly fifteen minutes," she said.

26 I honestly thought it could have been less than three minutes.

27 "How was your first dolphin encounter?" she asked.

Reading

28 I searched for words. Finally, I appropriated one of Kathleen's strongest expletives. "Yikes," I said. "This is what you do every day of your life?"

29 "Every day I can get the boat time."

30 "And they pay you for this?"

31 "Yep."

From the book Dolphins by Tim Cahill. Copyright © 2000 by MacGillivray Freeman Films. Text Copyright © 2000 by Tim Cahill. Reprinted by arrangement with the National Geographic Society.

24A

... half a dozen bottlenose dolphins swept by us like torpedoes.

10. The author uses the word *torpedoes* to describe the dolphins to suggest—

- A power and speed.
- B intelligence and sensitivity.
- C danger.
- D fear.

L124A008

11. The difference between Kathleen's and the author's responses to the dolphins swimming past them is BEST expressed by which statement?

- A She is relaxed, and he is nervous.
- B She is excited, and he is bored.
- C She is alert, and he is careless.
- D She is playful, and he is businesslike.

L124A017

12. What evidence does the author provide to demonstrate the intelligence of dolphins?

- A He compares their ability to swim to that of humans.
- B He mentions a study in which dolphins learned the meaning of words.
- C He describes instances in which dolphins helped humans.
- D He shows there is a relationship between Kathleen and the dolphins.

L124A010

13. Which one of the following themes is developed in the article?

- A the conflict between art and science
- B the importance of technology
- C the joy of exploration
- D the difficulty of being true to oneself

L124A018

Reading

The following selection is from the book *White Fang*. White Fang is about to make an important decision. Read the selection and answer questions 14 through 16.



In the fall of the year when the days were shortening and the bite of the frost was coming into the air, White Fang got his chance for liberty. For several days there had been a great hubbub in the village. The summer camp was being dismantled, and the tribe, bag and baggage, was preparing to go off to the fall hunting. White Fang watched it all with eager eyes, and when the tepees began to come down and the canoes were loading at the bank, he understood. Already the canoes were departing, and some had disappeared down the river.

Quite deliberately he determined to stay behind. He waited his opportunity to slink out of the camp to the woods. Here in the running stream where ice was beginning to form, he hid his trail. Then he crawled into the heart of a dense thicket and waited. The time passed by and he slept intermittently for hours. Then he was aroused by Gray Beaver's voice calling him by name. There were other voices. White Fang could hear Gray Beaver's squaw taking part in the search, and Mitsah, who was Gray Beaver's son.

White Fang trembled with fear, and though the impulse came to crawl out of his hiding-place, he resisted it. After a time the voices died away, and some time after that he crept out to enjoy the success of his undertaking.

Darkness was coming on, and for awhile he played about among the trees, pleasuring his freedom. Then, and quite suddenly, he became aware of loneliness. He sat down to consider, listening to the silence of the frost and perturbed by it. That nothing moved nor sounded, seemed ominous. He felt the lurking of danger, unseen and unguessed. He was suspicious of the looming bulks of the trees and of the dark shadows that might conceal all manner of perilous things.

Then it was cold. Here was no warm side of a teepee against which to snuggle. The frost was in his feet, and he kept lifting first one forefoot and then the other. He curved his bushy tail around to cover them, and at the same time he saw a vision. There was nothing strange about it. Upon his inward sight was impressed a succession of memory-pictures. He saw the camp again,

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the tepees, and the blaze of fires. He heard the shrill voices of the women, the gruff basses of the men, and the snarling of the dogs. He was hungry, and he remembered pieces of meat and fish that had been thrown him. Here was no meat, nothing but a threatening and inedible silence.

His bondage had softened him. Irresponsibility had weakened him. He had forgotten how to shift for himself. The night yawned about him. His senses, accustomed to the hum and bustle of the camp, used to the continuous impact of sights and sounds, were now left idle. There was nothing to do, nothing to see nor hear. They strained to catch some interruption of the silence and immobility of nature. They were appalled by inaction and by the feel of something terrible impending.

He gave a great start of fright. A colossal and formless something was rushing across the field of his vision. It was a tree-shadow flung by the moon, from whose face the clouds had been brushed away. Reassured, he whimpered softly; then he suppressed the whimper for fear that it might attract the attention of the lurking dangers.

A tree, contracting in the cool of the night, made a loud noise. It was directly above him. He yelped in his fright. A panic seized him, and he ran madly toward the village. He knew an overpowering desire for the protection and companionship of man. In his nostrils was the smell of the camp smoke. In his ears the camp sounds and cries were ringing loud. He passed out of the forest and into the

moonlit open where there were no shadows nor darkness. But no village greeted his eyes. He had forgotten. The village had gone away.

Reprinted from “*White Fang*” by Jack London. (Troll Communications).

057

14. This selection is BEST described as—

- A fiction
- B biography
- C article
- D essay

L0057009

15. Which of the following BEST describes the relationship between Gray Beaver and White Fang?

- A Gray Beaver is White Fang’s owner.
- B Gray Beaver is White Fang’s brother.
- C Gray Beaver and White Fang are members of the same tribe.
- D Gray Beaver and White Fang are father and son.

L0057001

16. Which of these sentences from the story BEST illustrates the wild side of White Fang’s nature?

- A “He knew an overpowering desire for the protection and companionship of man.”
- B “Upon his inward sight was impressed a succession of memory-pictures.”
- C “Here in the running stream where ice was beginning to form, he hid his trail.”
- D “Then, and quite suddenly, he became aware of loneliness.”

L0057006

The following story is about the author’s love for “going home.” Read the story and answer questions 17 through 19.

Going Home

Some days, I go to school, and on the way to school, I think that there is nowhere else in the world I would rather be. No matter what time of year it is, I walk through the neighborhoods, and every morning, I see the same people I always see: the tiny old lady walking what may be the tiniest dog in the world, the man at the newsstand with the walrus mustache, the skipping twins on their way to the bus stop. I don’t know any of their names or where they live, or what their favorite foods are, or what they think about anything, but these are people I’ve known forever. In a strange way, I think of them as my friends. Every day, I smile at them, and they smile at me. The man at the newsstand says “Buenos días” in his deep voice and will sometimes comment on the weather in Spanish because years and years ago I told him that my parents spoke Spanish too, and he told me I needed to learn. When it rains, the old lady with the dog always scolds me and tells me I should carry an umbrella.

And school—it’s the same. What I like best is the routine: homeroom, English, biology, physical education, lunch, math, and social studies, then soccer practice after school. I see the same people at school every day, sit next to the same people in my classes, eat lunch with my same friends. I have friends I have known as long as I can remember. It’s as comfortable as being at home.

My parents moved into our house before I was born. I know everything there is to know about our street. The oak tree in the yard has a tree house that my father built when I was six. The sidewalk is cracked in front of our neighbors’ house from the big earthquake; we use the uneven pavement as a skate ramp. If you run past the tall fence in front of the big white house on the corner, you can see through the fence as if it didn’t exist.

At breakfast my parents give each other a look, and I know something is going to happen. Before they can say anything, I want to know what it is all about.

“Nothing bad,” my father says.

I look at my mother, and she gives me a smile of reassurance and pats my shoulder. “You should be happy, Carlos. This is only good news.” What I see on their faces is worry.

“We’re going to move,” my father says.

Today on my way to school I look at everything as if seeing it for the first time. The tiny old lady waves at me; her tiny dog wags its tail and gives a tiny bark. The man at the newsstand greets me. The skipping twins almost run me off the sidewalk, but they veer in the other

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direction and race off to the bus stop. I feel like a different person, a stranger, someone who really might be seeing these people for the first time. No longer are they the familiar landmarks of my daily trek to school. After I move with my family, I might never see them again, and I am filled with an indefinable feeling. I don't know if it's loneliness or grief.

For the first time ever, my school day is not comfortable. All day long, I feel constricted and restrained, the way you feel when it's winter and you're wearing layers of sweaters under your jacket, and everything feels too tight and you can't move. My English teacher's voice sounds high-pitched and scratchy; my friends say the same things they always do, but today it seems boring; my lunch tastes like chalk; and my pitches in P.E. class go wild, as if they have a mind of their own. In social studies, the teacher lectures from the chapter we read the night before, so it's like knowing how the movie ends before you sit down in the theater. Going home from this day is a relief—until I remember that we're moving.

I try to imagine living somewhere else, but all I can see is a blank space, a question mark, an empty page. All I know is my life. All I know is where I live, where I go, what I do here. I have been other places—I have visited my grandparents in Texas and my cousins in Mexico, and once we took a trip to New York. You can visit anywhere, but until you walk the same route to school every day for years, what do you know? You can know about the average rainfall and the geographical landmarks, but where is the best place to get a milkshake?

My mother comes up to my room and tells me that my father has gotten a promotion. That's why we are moving. "Don't you want to know where we're going?" she asks.

"Not really," I say. She tells me anyway. I pretend not to listen.

Every day, my parents tell me something about the town that will become our new home. There is a bronze statue honoring World War II veterans in the park downtown. In the summer, there are rodeos at the county fair. There is an annual strawberry festival. The mayor used to be a pro football player. There are oak trees in our new neighborhood, just like the one in our yard.

Images of oak trees and rodeo clowns and strawberries and statues begin to fill in the blank space in my mind. I start wondering what it might be like to live in this town where the mayor presides at all the high school football games, and the strawberries are supposed to be the best in the world.

On the day before we move, I walk in the same direction as I would if I were going to school. When I see the tiny old lady, I tell her good-bye, and she tells me to carry an umbrella when it rains. Her tiny dog holds out a tiny paw to shake my hand. The man at the newsstand shakes my hand, too. The twins wave as they board the bus. I go home, walking slowly through streets lined with oak trees.

Reading

A huge truck is parked in front of our house. The movers are carrying boxes while my parents are loading suitcases into our car. Soon our house will be empty. But not for long; I know that somewhere there are parents telling their children about a town filled with oak trees, a place where you can get the best milkshake in the world, a place where, if you're lucky, you might see the same people every day of your life.

030

17. Why does the narrator take a walk on the day before the family moves?

- A** to take one last look at everything familiar
- B** to visit the statue in the middle of town
- C** to see if the same people are still in the same places
- D** to be away from home when the movers come

L0030003

18. Read this sentence from the selection.

... I know that somewhere there are parents telling their children about a town filled with oak trees, a place where you can get the best milkshake in the world ...

What makes the preceding statement ironic?

- A** the fact that, like the narrator, other children are worried about moving
- B** the fact that, like the people in the narrator's neighborhood, most people enjoy their homes
- C** the fact that, like the narrator's father, parents often get promotions
- D** the fact that, like the narrator's home, every house has its stories

L0030008

19. What does the author emphasize by having the narrator see the same people three different times in the story?

- A** that the narrator feels at home in this town because nothing ever changes
- B** that the narrator's life is repetitive and boring because nothing ever changes
- C** that the new town the family is moving to will have similar people to meet
- D** that the new children who move to the narrator's house will become comfortable in it

L0030007

Reading

In the following story, a young man is remembering his high school acting career. Read the story and answer questions 20 through 23.



Write something.

“Huh?”

Write something.

“Ugh.”

My ninth grade teacher was telling me to write something about what I had just read, and my mind was gazing out across greener pastures. I was staring at the football field, through my high school English class’s window, daydreaming about what “pearls of wisdom” I should transcribe to my notebook paper, when all I really wanted to do was “to act.”

When I was a kid, and I read a book, all I could do was picture the book as a movie. And, naturally, I was the star. (Ah, to see my name in lights!) Indeed, all my life, I have thought cinematically. When I walk into a room, my immediate thoughts are how would this look on the big screen? What would this person say? Where would I put this chair? Can I make this more entertaining?

It is terrible to think this way. You spend half your time not really listening to what people have to say. And the other half rearranging their wardrobe.

Write something.

I would like to write something, but what I really like to do is “act.” I think it’s genetic.

I was born with a predisposition to sing and dance. I came out of the womb wearing a top hat and cane, ready to softshoe my way into the hearts of my relatives. My school years were spent playing the clarinet (not my forte), singing in choruses (you didn’t miss anything), and putting on plays. For my high school senior year, I was voted “Most Dramatic.” I was not surprised, though. I had performed for my high school a monologue entitled “The Night the Bed Fell” by James Thurber, and I had been—as they say in showbiz—a hit.

I remember the day vividly. As members of the high school debate team, we were forever going to district and state competitions. One category that I relished was

Reading

dramatic interpretation. My debate teacher, Mrs. Spector (dear Mrs. Spector, I remember the time when we jumped in the school's indoor pool with our clothes on, but that's another story), selected the piece for me, knowing my penchant for humor and my desire to entertain. She felt this Thurber piece, about a series of misadventures that lead everyone to believe that an earthquake has occurred, instead of a bed falling, was the perfect vehicle for my dramatic debut.

She was right.

There I was on the high school stage, standing near a single chair (You know the kind. They are wooden, sturdy, and usually found in turn of the century libraries), bathed in a glow of bright light. And a sea of people. My classmates. All staring in great anticipation.

“What’s this crazy kid going to do now?”

Until then, my classmates had only seen me in bit parts. I was not the Tom Cruise of my high school. I had been in school plays, but nothing really big. I was the character actor to the right, the nerdy kid in stage makeup, looking like someone’s long-lost relative.

I was no heartthrob.

Most high schools present Spring musicals, where good looking singers and dancers are held at a premium. And although I love to sing and dance, enthusiasm is my real talent.

Mrs. Spector, though, gave me my big break.

As soon as the audience quieted, I began.

It was awesome.

I held my classmates in the palm of my hand. They were glued to my every word. They sighed and laughed appropriately. They understood what I was saying (believe me, Thurber is not easy to follow), and moreover, they listened to me. No one else. Just me.

I was in seventh heaven.

Until this day, I still remember the final ovation.

I remember the applause sweeping over me like a wave of righteousness. Each clap, underlining what I already knew.

Acting is my thing.

Kaplan, J. 1997. Acting up across the curriculum: Using creative dramatics to explore adolescent literature. *The ALAN Review* 24(3): 42-46.

002

Reading

20. How does the reader know that the story is a dramatic monologue?

- A The narrator is the only speaker.
- B The story is about the narrator's love of acting.
- C The narrator has a vivid personality.
- D The story is based on the narrator's experiences.

L0002011

21. What is the main effect produced by the repetition of the phrase *Write something*?

- A It reminds the reader that the narrator is daydreaming.
- B It proves that the narrator has finished his homework.
- C It emphasizes the importance that writing has to an actor.
- D It makes the story easier for the reader to understand.

L0002004

22. Which statement BEST describes what happens in the story?

- A A teacher nurtures a talented writer.
- B A teacher gives students an impossible assignment.
- C A student avoids classwork by daydreaming.
- D A student gains confidence in his abilities by performing.

L0002002

23. What does the use of flashbacks accomplish in "Acting Up"?

- A makes the narrator seem dreamy and unrealistic
- B shows the reader what the narrator was like as a child
- C allows the narrator to list his achievements
- D gives the reader more insight into the narrator's character

L0002005

The following story describes a young boy's heroic actions to help his injured brother. Read the story and answer questions 24 through 26.



Hiking Trip

"I never wanted to come on this stupid old hiking trip anyway!" His voice echoed, shrill and panicked, across the narrow canyon. His father stopped, chest heaving with the effort of the climb, and turned to look at the boy.

"This is hard on you, son, I know. But you've got to come through with courage and a level head."

"But I'm scared! I don't even want to have courage!" he retorted. He jerked his head the other way and wiped his eyes across his arm.

"If not courage, fine," his father replied sternly. "Then have enough love for your brother to think this through!" He pulled a bandana from his back pocket and tied it around his neck. Then he gently placed his hand on the boy's shoulder and continued, more softly this time.

"Now, I don't know if I can make it without stopping every so often. And we just don't have the time to stop. You're young, but you're strong and fast. Do you remember the way back from here to the road, if you had to go alone?"

Jeff flashed back to the agonizing scene of his seventeen-year-old brother at their campsite that morning. He'd been bitten by a snake yesterday during a rough hike through very rocky terrain. By the time they returned to their tents, he was limping badly. Then this morning he couldn't put on his boots, and the pain seemed to be getting worse. He needed medical attention right away, so leaving him there was their only choice.

"Jeffrey? Jeffrey, could you do it? Could you make it to the road without me if you had to?"

Jeff blinked and looked past his father's eyes to the end of the canyon, several miles away. He nodded slowly as the path and the plan began to take hold in his mind. "What was the name of that little town we stopped in to get matches, Dad?"

His father smiled and replied, "Flint. After we left Flint, we parked at the side of the road a few miles out of town. When you see which way our car is facing, you'll know that the town is back the other direction." Jeff thought

Reading

about this and then nodded. They both drank water and then continued scrambling over the rocks.

Nothing was as pretty as it had seemed when they first hiked this way to their campsite. Before, the boulders and rocks had been an interesting challenge. Now, they were obstacles that threatened their footing and their velocity. Overhanging limbs had earlier been natural curiosities in the cliffs. But now they were nature's weapons, slapping and scratching the boy and the man who crashed by and pushed through as quickly as they could.

Stone by stone, they made their way up the canyon. Jeff's father grew smaller and smaller in the distance. "He must be stopping a lot," Jeff thought. He waved to him from a bend in the canyon wall. His father waved back. Jeff turned and made the final ascent up an easier slope toward the road and spotted his father's car. He lurched toward it, half stumbling, and leaned on the hood, breathless.

"Can't stop," he thought. "Mark's in big trouble. Gotta keep going." The fast, loud thudding in his ears was deafening, and as he pulled himself upright, he was surprised as a car sped by, heading toward Flint. "Hey, mister!" he shouted, waving both arms. He began to walk, faster and faster until he was jogging. Then he quickly crossed the highway and broke into a full-speed run, holding his left arm straight out, his thumb up.

His chest was burning with every breath when he suddenly heard several loud honks from behind. He

turned as the brakes squealed and saw "Bob's Towing & Repair, Flint" right behind him. "Jump in, boy! What's up?" Jeff explained between gasps as the truck picked up speed. The driver reached for his two-way radio as soon as he heard about Mark. "Better get the helicopter in there," he seemed to be shouting into his hand. But Jeff wasn't sure about that because everything got fuzzy and then went black and quiet.

Hours later, Jeff opened his eyes to find strange surroundings and his father on a chair nearby.

"You're a hero, son," his father said with a smile. "You saved Mark."

"What happened?" Jeff asked through a wide yawn. "Where are we?"

"This is a motel room in Flint. You made it into town and sent the helicopter into the canyon after Mark. I can't tell you how happy I was when I saw it overhead. I'm so proud of you!"

Jeff sat up suddenly. "Where's Mark? Is he OK?"

"They airlifted him out and got him to the hospital. His leg's still in bad shape, but he's going to be just fine in a couple of days. Thanks to you, son."

Jeff's worried face relaxed as his father spoke. "How about you, Dad? How did you get out?"

Reading

“Well, I finally hiked myself out of that canyon and to the road. I won’t be going back there any time soon. That’s for sure. Anyway, I couldn’t see the car, and as I headed for Flint, I got lucky and was able to hitch a ride from a fellow named Bob in a tow truck.”

Jeff laughed out loud. “I guess Bob makes a good living going up and down that road. I hope you gave him a good tip, Dad!”

157

24. This story is an example of which of the following genres of writing?

- A** a narrative short story
- B** an informational text
- C** a persuasive essay
- D** a biographical essay

L0157003

25. Which of the following sentences BEST explains Jeff’s biggest problem in the story?

- A** He needed to face his fear of losing his father’s respect.
- B** He needed to find someone to take him to the town of Flint.
- C** He needed to climb the rock-covered hill to get to the top.
- D** He needed to face his fear in order to help his brother.

L0157006

26. What kind of person is Jeff’s father in the story?

- A** understanding and motivating
- B** aggressive and annoying
- C** humorous and entertaining
- D** impatient and anxious

L0157005

The following story is about a character who discovers a book of quotations in the library. Read the story and answer questions 27 through 29.



A Word in the Hand

It might have been destiny that left Marco waiting in the library for his sister. Whatever it was, Marco waited impatiently, tapping his fingers on the table until a librarian gave him a warning glance. He tapped his foot until the librarian sent another cautionary glance his way. Marco stood up, stretched, yawned, and viewed the stacks of books, the shelves of books, the books in every direction, books as far as the eye could see. He picked one randomly off the shelf: *Everyday Quotations and Proverbs*. Marco thumbed through the pages, a little bored. To be honest, Marco wasn't much of a reader. He didn't mind reading, but it just wasn't his favorite thing to do.

A line caught his eye. It was a quotation he had heard before, a million times at least, something his mom said to him all the time. This quotation was from the sixteenth century, was over 400 years old, and was still kicking around today. Marco read on. The more he read, the more he found that sounded familiar. He moved a stack of magazines off a chair and sat down, still reading. He found a saying to fit every situation and every occasion. There were proverbs that offered instruction on

everything, from loaning money to friends (not a good idea, according to the wisdom of the ages) to making excuses. Marco kept reading.

When his sister finally showed up, Marco didn't even notice. Alicia practically had to shout to get him to look up. Then she was the one who had to wait, somewhat impatiently, while Marco applied for and received a library card so he could check out the book and take it home.

"Come on," said Alicia. "Hurry up. Mom said to make sure we got home in time for dinner."

"Haste makes waste," said Marco calmly as he got into the car and put the key in the ignition.

"What's wrong with you?" Alicia wanted to know.

Marco pointed to the book that lay on the console between them. "Knowledge is power."

"You're crazy," she said.

Reading

“Birds of a feather flock together.”

“Whatever. All I know is that if we’re late for dinner, Mom’s going to be mad.”

“A soft answer turns away wrath.”

Alicia’s only response was to gape at Marco, her mouth slightly open.

Marco himself was surprised by the proverbs popping out of his mouth. The sayings had taken on a life of their own.

At dinner, Marco declined a serving of green beans.

“Marco, you need to eat some vegetables,” said his mother.

“Waste not, want not,” Marco replied.

When Marco’s mother asked him what was new, Marco shrugged and said that there was nothing new under the sun. When Marco’s father said that he had hired a new assistant, Marco nodded in approval and said that a new broom swept clean and that two heads were better than one. When his mother said that she had gotten stuck in the development phase of a new project, Marco said sympathetically, “Back to the drawing board.” As an afterthought, he cautioned that if she wanted anything done right, she would have to do it herself. Alicia

mentioned that she had snagged her favorite sweater on the sharp corner of a desk. Marco told her there was no use in crying over spilt milk. Alicia looked at him as if she had never seen him before. “Be quiet, please.” Her tone was anything but polite.

“It takes two to make a quarrel,” Marco instructed her.

“I guess it only takes one to act like an idiot,” his sister replied. “Stop it!”

“Familiarity breeds contempt,” said Marco sadly. “Let’s forgive and forget.”

“Marco,” his father said sternly, “discretion is the better part of valor.”

“That’s right,” said his mother in her strictest voice. “Besides, this is all Greek to me!”

Both of his parents started laughing.

“Laughter is the best medicine,” said Marco.

“Oh, well,” said Alicia, relenting. “Better to be happy than wise.”

“Good one,” said Marco, surprised.

Alicia smiled. “If you can’t beat them, join them.”

Reading

27. Read this sentence from the selection.

"Familiarity breeds contempt."

What does the word *contempt* mean in this sentence from the story?

- A alarm
- B dislike
- C emotion
- D confusion

L0042001

28. What does Marco mean when he says to his sister, "Birds of a feather flock together"?

- A If he is crazy, then she must be crazy, too.
- B She must set a good example for him.
- C She, not he, is the crazy one.
- D If she plans to stay out of trouble, they must unite.

L0042007

29. How does Marco's family react to his use of proverbs?

- A His parents are surprised; his sister is upset.
- B His parents are irritated; his sister is impressed.
- C His parents are entertained; his sister is annoyed.
- D His parents are disturbed; his sister is encouraging.

L0042004

Reading

The following is a story about two friends on a journey through the woods. Read the story and answer questions 30 through 32.



Out of the Woods

There was a strange silence in the woods. As they walked, Gabriel and Marie could hear birds chirping, pine needles crunching under their feet, the snapping of twigs, even the slight thump of the occasional pine cone landing softly.

They had been hiking as part of a project with their natural sciences class, a group that included thirteen other students and two teachers. As the trail became steeper, the others had started to fall behind. Mr. Davis had kept up with Gabriel and Marie most of the way, but had turned around to make sure the others were on the right track. Oblivious to the group, Gabriel and Marie had climbed and climbed as the trail narrowed and twisted and peaked.

“It’s the soccer legs,” said Gabriel, who was a forward on the varsity team. “I could climb forever.”

“You’ll be sore tomorrow,” said Marie. “I, on the other hand, have the stamina. I’m used to logging miles and miles.” Marie ran cross-country.

“Miles of flat land. We’ll see who’s sore tomorrow.”

They thought they had been following a straight course, but when they finally turned back to find the group, they discovered that the trail had actually split.

“Are we lost?” Marie asked.

“How could we be lost? They were all here just a few minutes ago.”

The sheer silence, the absence of other human voices, was overwhelming.

Reading

“Let’s go back that way.” Marie pointed at the trail leading in the opposite direction.

The trail led nowhere. Gabriel and Marie soon found themselves at a precipice, looking down into a canyon. Realizing that they were lost, they panicked. Every snap of a twig was a mountain lion stalking them; every twitch of a branch behind them was a bear getting ready to charge. They ran. They ran wildly, blindly into the forest ahead, slipping on pine needles, leaping over fallen branches, and looking—they later agreed, laughing—like complete idiots.

“You should have seen yourself,” said Marie. She mimicked a terrified face.

“Me? You’re the one who ran into a tree,” said Gabriel.

“I tripped!”

“Okay, you just keep saying that.” Gabriel looked around. “We can’t be too far from everyone.”

“Then why can’t we hear them?”

They followed the trail back and began to make their way down the mountain. Surely they could find their way to the beginning of the trail. As they hiked down, the landscape looked unfamiliar. “Hey, this doesn’t look right,” said Gabriel, stopping. “Look how the trail slopes up again.”

“We didn’t come this way.”

“Let’s go back,” said Gabriel.

“No, wait. Listen.” Both were quiet. They heard a sound, a new sound.

“It’s a creek!” The first trail had crossed over a creek!

The sound of water led them to the creek. Following the direction of the running water, they hiked along the creek bed until they reached another trail crossing.

“This is it!”

“I knew we’d find it,” said Marie. They jumped the creek and ran down the trail. As the trail widened, they ran even faster, propelled by relief. Nearing the road where the bus was parked, they heard the sounds they had been longing to hear.

“Come on,” yelled Gabriel. “Race!”

047

Reading

30. What is the author's purpose in writing this story?

- A** to entertain the reader with a lesson about paying attention to the surroundings when hiking
- B** to teach the reader a moral about the importance of listening to your leader
- C** to present factual information about the best places in nature to hike
- D** to give an explanation of what to take when preparing to go for a hike

L0047001

31. Read this sentence from the selection.

Every snap of a twig was a mountain lion stalking them; every twitch of a branch behind them was a bear getting ready to charge.

What does the author convey in the above sentence?

- A** Although the woods had been strangely silent at first, now they were full of deafening noises.
- B** The strange noises Gabriel and Marie heard were being made by different animals.
- C** Every strange noise they heard was frightening to Gabriel and Marie.
- D** The woods were full of dangerous animals that were stalking Gabriel and Marie.

L0047006

32. Read this sentence from the selection.

Nearing the road where the bus was parked, they heard the sounds they had been longing to hear.

In this sentence, the author is referring to the sounds of—

- A** the voices of the other hikers.
- B** the water in the creek.
- C** the pine needles crunching under their feet.
- D** the noises of other cars on the road where the bus was parked.

L0047002

The following poem is about the poet's inheritance. Read the poem and answer questions 33 through 35.

The Courage That My Mother Had

The courage that my mother had
Went with her, and is with her still:
Rock from New England quarried;
Now granite in a granite hill.

The golden brooch¹ my mother wore
She left behind for me to wear;
I have no thing I treasure more:
Yet it is something I could spare.

Oh, if instead she'd left to me
The thing she took into the grave!—
That courage like a rock, which she
Has no more need of, and I have.



“The Courage That My Mother Had” by Edna St. Vincent Millay, from *Collected Poems*, Harper Collins. Copyright © 1954, 1982 by Norma Millay Ellis. All rights reserved. Reprinted by permission of Elizabeth Barnett, literary executor.

¹ pin

Reading

33. Which sentence BEST describes the theme of this poem?

- A Personal strengths are more important than valuable objects.
- B Only a daughter can truly relate to her mother's feelings.
- C Having a golden brooch is better than nothing.
- D Unlike jewelry, traits such as courage are not valued.

L0017001

34. Which phrase from the poem creates a tone of sadness and regret?

- A "Rock from New England quarried"
- B "Oh, if instead she'd left to me"
- C "The golden brooch my mother wore"
- D "That courage like a rock"

L0017008

35. Which pair of nouns BEST describes the mood of this poem?

- A admiration and longing
- B distrust and jealousy
- C awe and amazement
- D anger and resentment

L0017009

Reading

Read the following poem and answer questions 36 through 39.

I've Watched . . .

I've watched the white clouds pantomime
The inner workings of my mind,
Where thought and feeling paint a scene
As if the blue sky were a dream.

5 I've watched the snow-bogged trees bend down
And shake their coats upon the ground
In order that they may reclaim
A straighter truth from whence they came.

I've watched the congress of the geese
10 Assemble in a perfect V
In order that they may keep sight
Of one another's path of flight.

I've watched the flood tide turn its head
And slack before the coming ebb
15 Without want or predilection
Waiting for the moon's direction.

I've watched the ocean lashed by wind,
Make a fool of the fishermen,
Who thought their knowledge of the sea
20 Ensured them some security.

But all this watching, knows not much,
For what are wind and sea and such,
The V of geese, the bent-down tree,
If nothing more than mystery?



Reading

36. Which phrase BEST represents the organization of the poem?

- A 5 stanzas about nature and 1 about people
- B 5 stanzas of observation and 1 of conclusion
- C 1 stanza of introduction and 5 of explanation
- D 1 stanza about poetry and 5 about nature

L104A007

I've watched the ocean lashed by wind,

37. In this line from the poem, the word *lashed* suggests that the ocean is being—

- A soothed.
- B troubled.
- C sailed.
- D whipped.

L104A005

38. According to lines 17 – 20, the fishermen's knowledge of the sea—

- A reflects their love of natural elements.
- B helps them navigate more effectively.
- C is greater than their knowledge of the weather.
- D does not guarantee them safety.

L104A009

39. What is the theme of the poem?

- A Clouds can be a reflection of our thoughts.
- B Geese assemble in the shape of a V to navigate properly.
- C Nature remains a mystery, regardless of our observations.
- D Trees often bend beneath the weight of the snow.

L104A002

Reading

Read the following drama and answer questions 40 through 43.

The School Garden

Cast:

MR. EMERSON, teacher

Students in his class

(Setting: Desert Sky High School, MR. EMERSON's English class)

MR. EMERSON: (*As he finishes taking attendance.*) Vargas, Warner, and Zuniga. Everyone's here today. That's great, because I have good news! Remember that "Keep America Beautiful" essay contest we entered a few weeks ago that was sponsored by Lakeside Nursery?

(*Class murmurs, acknowledging this.*)

MR. EMERSON: We had an entry that came in first place. Raymond won with his essay on recycling! According to the judges, you *all* did very well, and they said it was a tough contest to judge. I'm really proud of you all!

SARAH: So, Mr. Emerson, what exactly did Raymond win?

MR. EMERSON: Well, since it was someone from *our* class, we will be able to select plants from Lakeside Nursery and plant them on the school grounds.

(*The class groans.*)

SARAH: *That's* the prize? Plants for the school?

MR. EMERSON: Hey! Think about it. This will be great. We can find a little spot on the school grounds, fix it up with some colorful plants, and we can go there on nice afternoons and read or write in our journals. Plus, it will make the school look nicer. Everyone will enjoy it.

NATHAN: So, you're saying that we can attend class *outside*?

MR. EMERSON: Sure! I think it would be nice to hold class outdoors now and then.

(*Class begins to show approval.*)

HECTOR: Way to go, Raymond!

RENE: Yeah, I could use some fresh air about this time of day.

ALEX: So could I. But I had some place in mind other than the school grounds. Maybe the skate park!

MR. EMERSON: (*Laughing.*) Sorry, not an option, Alex. We're talking about creating a garden, which brings me to my next question: What kind of garden would you like to create?

JEN: A rose garden.

Reading

MR. EMERSON: Rose gardens are nice. Yes, Carolina?

CAROLINA: Last week in Mrs. Villareal’s biology class we had a botanist come as a guest speaker.

KARL: A whatanist?

CAROLINA: A botanist. A scientist who studies plants. Anyway, she said that Xeriscaping¹ is a smart way to garden in this desert area.

KARL: Now you’re *really* confusing me! What’s Xeriscaping?

MAX: Oh, I know! In our area, that’s when you use indigenous plants in your garden.

KARL: (*Rolling his eyes.*) Why is it that people always use a complicated word when they’re defining another complicated word?

MR. EMERSON: Can anyone help Karl and tell him what indigenous means?

MACY: (*Thumbing through her dictionary.*) It says here: “existing, growing, or produced naturally in a region or country.”

MR. EMERSON: Good job, Macy! That’s a dictionary point for you. (*Addressing class.*) Why do you think it’s a smart way to garden? (*Pauses.*) Yes, Jennifer?

JENNIFER: Well, I think indigenous plants would require less watering, and that would save the school time and money.

MR. EMERSON: Good point. In fact, Xeriscaping means growing plants with little water. Anything else?

JAMAL: If it grows in this region anyway, then it probably would be something that would be compatible with the soil, right?

MR. EMERSON: Makes sense. Anyone else?

JESSIE: It would probably need less maintenance than something that grows in another region.

MR. EMERSON: Very good! I like the idea of Xeriscaping, but I’m also open for other ideas. Anyone?

(*No one responds.*)

MR. EMERSON: Okay, then give me a show of hands. Who wants to have a Xeriscape garden?

(*Most of the students raise their hands.*)

MR. EMERSON: Okay then, a Xeriscape garden it is. (*Looks at the clock on the wall.*) Now, with the time we have left, why don’t we go outside and find a spot for our new garden?

(*The class exits excitedly.*)

¹ Pronounced ZER-i-scaping

Reading

40. Where does the drama take place?

- A in an auditorium
- B in a skate park
- C outside a school building
- D in a classroom

L103A003

41. How is Karl a foil character in the drama?

- A He shows a reluctance to agree with the group.
- B He explains the feelings of the class as a whole.
- C He asks questions that let other characters teach him.
- D He reveals thoughts that are mature for one so young.

L103A009

42. How does the students' attitude about the garden change during the play?

- A from hopeful to disappointed
- B from unenthusiastic to supportive
- C from worried to confident
- D from approving to disapproving

L103A004

43. Which sentence BEST expresses an important theme in this drama?

- A A positive attitude is its own reward.
- B Friendship helps overcome obstacles.
- C It is good to give new ideas a chance.
- D Working toward a goal requires patience.

L103A005

Read the passage and answer questions 44 through 47.

The Remarkable Paper Cuttings of Hans Christian Andersen

- 1 Best known as an author of fairy tales, Hans Christian Andersen wrote such children’s classics as “The Ugly Duckling,” “The Little Mermaid,” and “The Emperor’s New Clothes.” Many people may not be aware, however, that he was also an actor, a singer, and an artist, and that as an artist, he excelled at the unusual craft of paper cutting.
- 2 Andersen may have begun practicing paper cutting as a young boy in Denmark. It is known that he loved to play with puppets and frequently created clothes for them from scraps of cloth. He also may have helped cut leather for his father, a shoemaker. These practices could have contributed to his proficiency in using scissors to create works of art.
- 3 Paper cutting was not a well-known craft in Denmark during the 1800s. Some Europeans created silhouettes out of black paper, but Andersen’s cuttings were quite different. Andersen usually used white or brightly colored paper. He never drew an outline first but simply snipped away with a design that existed only in his imagination. Sometimes he used a flat piece of paper. Other times he folded the paper, made some cuts, opened the paper, and then refolded it in a different way before cutting again. When at last he unfolded the finished paper cutting, an intricate design could be seen, often incorporating dancers, swans, windmills, storks, and castles. Frequently, the images were bordered by a stage with curtains and fancy decorations.
- 4 Andersen had many reasons for making his paper cuttings, but the main one was to entertain. Andersen loved to tell his fanciful stories to anyone who would listen. As he spoke, he would take out his scissors and create a remarkable paper cutting to illustrate his words. Audiences remained enthralled as they awaited the end of the tale and the outcome of the mysteriously changing piece of paper. Books, especially those other than instructional, were not very common at the time. People who enjoyed hearing a story purely for the sake of entertainment valued Andersen’s unique skill as a storyteller and an artist.
- 5 Andersen also found that his paper cuttings helped bridge a communication gap between himself and others. Although an awkward and shy man, Andersen still loved an audience. His stories and paper cuttings helped him to communicate when he would have otherwise felt uncomfortable. He loved to travel and always took his scissors along. When encountering those who spoke different languages, Andersen found

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he could always make a connection by demonstrating his beautiful paper creations.

- 6 The paper cuttings also became unique gifts for friends and family. Sometimes Andersen would paste the cuttings into scrapbooks and present them to the children of relatives. Other times they were given as tokens of appreciation to hosts and hostesses. When his writing brought him fame, these gifts were even more valued.
- 7 Now more than 100 years old, many of Andersen's delicate paper cuttings still exist in a museum in Denmark devoted to his work. While Andersen will always be remembered for his classic fairy tales, his beautiful works of art also remain for all to enjoy.

02B

44. What does *delicate* mean as used in the following sentence?

Now more than 100 years old, many of Andersen's delicate paper cuttings still exist in a museum in Denmark devoted to his work.

- A thin
- B fragile
- C creative
- D old

L102B006

45. Based on the information in the passage, which of the following is **MOST** likely to happen?

- A Andersen's paper cuttings will be preserved for many years.
- B The museum will replace the paper cuttings with other objects created by Andersen.
- C Interest in Andersen's books will diminish when people learn about his paper cuttings.
- D Andersen's paper cuttings will become more treasured than his writings.

L102B003

46. What is the main purpose of this passage?

- A to illustrate the importance of having a variety of skills
- B to compare entertainment of the past to that of the present
- C to illustrate how a person used art to overcome shyness
- D to explore a lesser-known talent of a famous writer

L102B014

47. Which of the following would make this passage easier to understand?

- A a picture of one of Andersen's paper cuttings
- B an excerpt from one of Andersen's fairy tales
- C a quote from someone who owns one of Andersen's paper cuttings
- D an explanation of what inspired Andersen to write fairy tales for children

L102B013

The following article explains how the brain functions. Read the article and answer questions 48 through 50.

A Brain Divided

Human beings have only one stomach, one heart, and one brain . . . right? Not exactly. The cerebral cortex, the most advanced part of the brain, might be thought of as two structures, connected by a band of fibers called the corpus callosum. Each structure, or hemisphere, performs different tasks and is responsible for different functions.

The right side of the body is controlled by the left hemisphere of the cortex, and vice versa. Thus, the hand movements of right-handed people are controlled by the left hemisphere and those of left-handed people by the right hemisphere. Similarly, everything perceived on the right is processed by the left hemisphere. Whatever is received in one hemisphere is quickly transmitted to the other across the corpus callosum. Thus, we see a single visual world rather than two half-worlds.

The two hemispheres not only control opposite sides of the body, but also seem to differ in function. The left hemisphere is apparently responsible for language and logical thought. The right hemisphere seems to be concerned more with spatial relations, perception, and fantasy.

How do scientists know all this? In some pioneering experiments, researchers have studied the behavior of patients who have had their corpus callosum severed

through surgery. This operation, sometimes performed on patients with severe epilepsy, prevents seizures from traveling across both hemispheres. It also produces a split brain, with each hemisphere functioning more or less independently.

In the everyday world, people with split brains function with little difficulty. This is because full communication between the two parts of the brain is not necessary in most processes. For instance, split-brain subjects can see what a normal person does by moving their eyes so that both hemispheres perceive an image. In some situations, however, the effects of split-brain surgery can be quite dramatic.

In one experiment, researcher Roger Sperry (who won a Nobel Prize for his work) flashed the word “heart” across the center of a screen. The “he” was shown to the left part of the visual field, the “art” to the right. When asked to say what they had seen, the subjects answered, “art.” This is because speech is controlled by the left hemisphere, where the “art” was processed. However, when they were told to point with the left hand to one of the two cards—”he” or “art”—to identify what they had just seen, the subjects always chose the card with “he.” In this case, the right hemisphere—which controls the left side of the body—prevailed.

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It would be a mistake to assume that all language involves only the left hemisphere or that all spatial relations engage only the right. When a brain is damaged on one side, as in the case of a brain stroke, the other side frequently takes over and does its work. Neither hemisphere has exclusive control over any one task.

“A Brain Divided” from *Psychology: Its Principles and Application*, Eighth Edition, by T.L. Engle and Louis Snellgrove, copyright © 1984 by Harcourt, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

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48. Read this sentence from the selection.

In some pioneering experiments, researchers have studied the behavior of patients who have had their corpus callosum severed through surgery.

What is the meaning of *severed* in this sentence?

- A healed
- B split
- C examined
- D stretched

L0011005

49. Which of the following best illustrates the function of the corpus callosum?

- A a satellite dish designed to receive directed signals
- B a fiber-optic cable used to connect telephone networks
- C a computer disk used to store condensed information
- D a spark plug designed to ignite the fuel in a combustion engine

L0011002

50. Which of the following BEST summarizes the information in the article?

- A The brain, even when damaged, can recover if the other side takes over.
- B Though the right brain controls the left side of the body, it is also capable of dominating the left brain.
- C The brain consists of two hemispheres which, though connected, serve different purposes.
- D The effects of split-brain surgery can be dramatic, though not tragic.

L0011004